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ask

JUST BEFORE
THE
BATTLE
(See page 7)

5G, MAN) PRICE FIVE CENTS

SONG OF THE WEEK

Precious Saviour, No. 393. Tune—"Silver Threads."
Precious Saviour, we are coming,
At Thy feet just now we fall,
Waiting to receive Thy blessing,
Come and now baptize us all.

CHORUS

Pour Thy Spirit, pour Thy Spirit,
Into this my longing heart;
And go on from this good hour
To revive Thy work afresh.

Mighty Lord, our hearts are open
To Thy penetrating gaze;
Now, oh, yet the fire descending,
Fill our hearts with power and
praise!

Time and talents I surrender,
Freely all I give to Thee;
Faith lays hold of Thy great promise,
Brings the fire just now on me.

3148—Lisk, Walter.—40 years of age, ruddy complexion, heavily built, height about 6', blacksmith. Was Overcast. Last address was Winnipeg and may have gone to Vancouver.

3149—Lorenzen, Gusten.—Born in Germany, age 47, complexion light, one front tooth missing, worked at one time at Abitama, Wisconsin. Was supposed that he went to Montreal, Canada. Sister anxious.

3155—Balsom, William.—Missing 20 years, was last known to be living on High Street, Deptford, but has come to Canada. He is 28 years of age, and was born in London. His

3154—Miller, Bessie, (nee Waite).—Age 42, married a Canadian, was a patient in a Winnipeg hospital nine months ago. Brother anxious.

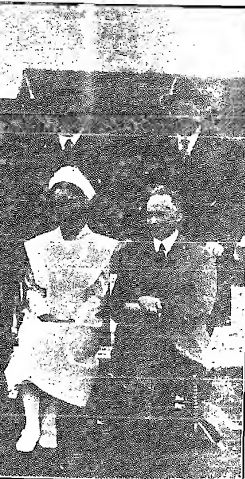
3159—Mowat, Hilda.—Supposed to be living with Mr. and Mrs. Mowat, in Winnipeg. Last father and mother in the Osculana River.

3164—Ora, Marie Henry Oia or Ben Ora.—Age 22, height 6'4", dark brown hair, grey eyes, last heard from on January 11th, 1920, last address was 2 Sanford Avenue, West Edmond, Man. He was working in a dairy.

3165—McNelly, Wm. Arthur.—Teacher, age about 32, height 5'7", blue eyes, sandy moustache, and is Irish. Last heard of in Winnipeg in 1920.

3167—Gulbrandsen, Aksel Eugen.—Tall, brown hair, grey blue eyes, last heard from in 1920.

3170—Lamperit Rudolf (Lambert).—Born December 8th, 1870. Not married, of Swiss nationality with home in Lachen. Was previously a coach & trade. Has brown hair and brown eyes. Was last heard of in November, 1915, and the only address which the enquirers have is, Box 1746, Anchorage, Alaska.



In front row, reading from the left: Con-
sultants: Mrs. Stapleford, president of the
or of public works. Others in the picture
al women interested in the institution.

WAR CRY

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA WEST AND ALASKA

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS:
101 QUEEN VICTORIA ST., LONDON, E. C.

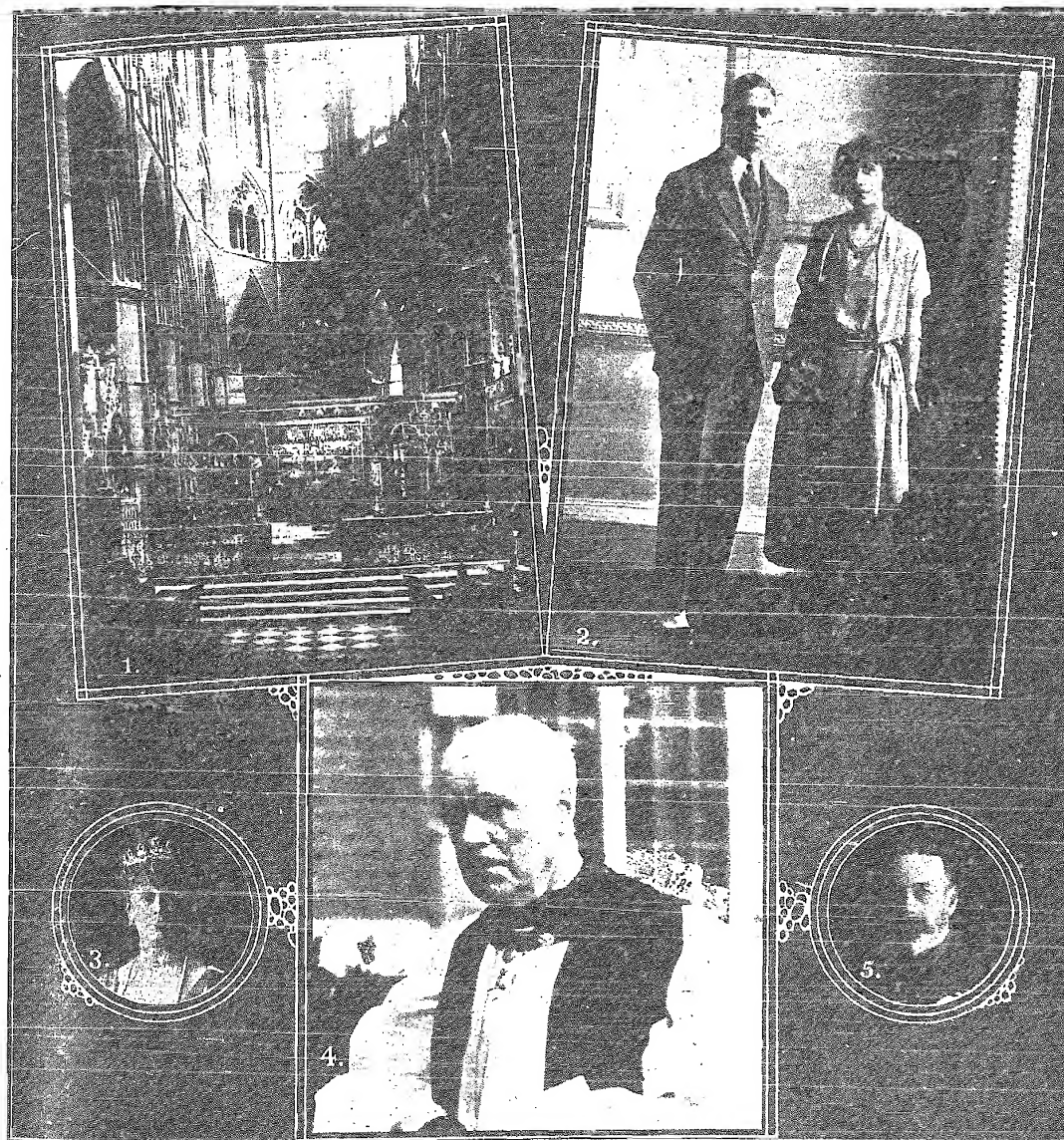
BRAMWELL BOOTH, General
WILLIAM BOOTH, Founder

TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS:
317-319 CARLTON STREET, WINNIPEG.

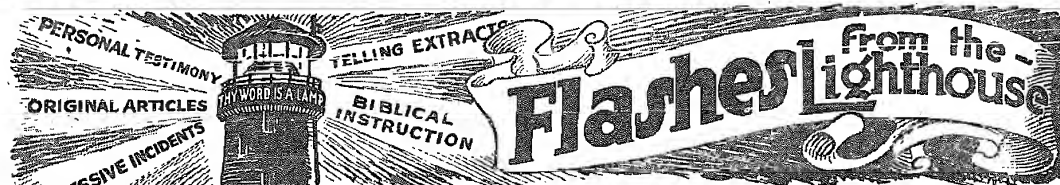
VOL IV. No. 19. Price 5c.

WINNIPEG, MAY 12, 1923

HENRY C. HODDER, Commissioner.



1. Interior View of Westminster Abbey. 2. Their Royal Highnesses, the Duke and Duchess of York.
3. Her Majesty Queen Mary. 4. The Archbishop of Canterbury. 5. His Majesty King George V.



Mother's Apron Strings

The Sure Cable That Girds The Globe

MEN are what their mothers make them. The furniture for the home is determined by the purse of the father; the soul of the home is determined by the spirit of the mother. The life of no man is adequately written until it is prefaced by his mother's. There are a few self-made men; there are many mother-made men. All the mathematics of life centre around the home. Home centres around mother.

1. Your Mother's Apron Strings are Durable.

They never wear out. If she is living they tug at your heart and draw you home at Christmas and Thanksgiving. They last after she is dead. They are the connection between earth and Heaven. The physical presence is taken; the spiritual presence remains. The apron strings stretch across the Great Divide.

There is one love that abuse cannot offend, that neglect cannot crush, that time cannot, that death cannot destroy—a mother's love.

2. Your Mother's Apron Strings are Long.

Did you ever travel on the C. P. R.? What a stretch of rail from Halifax to B. C. The longest line in the world is your mother's apron strings. They cross mountains, prairie and sea. They reach from London to Chicago, from New York to the Golden Gate, from Boston to Winnipeg, from the Australian bush to the trenches of Flanders, from Heaven to earth.

The most important chapter of history has never been written. When it is, it will be entitled "A Mother's Influence." When a world is flung into space from the hand of God the first mile determines its destiny for a million years. The future of a child hinges upon the first ten years of his life, and the first ten years are determined by mother.

In a log cabin in Indiana, a woman lay dying. "Abe," she said, "Love everybody, hinder nobody, never lie, never drink, never steal, and some day the world will be glad that you have lived." It is a far cry from that little cabin open on one side to the winds of heaven in the woods of Indiana to Washington and the White House, but the apron strings of Nancy Hanks reached all the way. Years later Abraham Lincoln said: "All that I am, all that I hope to be I owe to my angel mother."

3. Your Mother's Strings are Strong.

There is no tether like your mother's apron strings. I have seen a mighty ship tied to the Liverpool dock and wondered at the strength of the taut cables that held it there. No cable is so strong as your mother's apron strings. Laws and schools are incidents in the story of a nation's morale. The real secret is its motherhood.

It was a kiss from his mother that made Benjamin West a painter. Raphael's Madonnas are only the outlines of a mother's love fastened upon a painter's matchless canvas forever. Our raw boys stood up like veterans in France because of the tradition of the Canadian mother.

4. Your Mother's Apron Strings Can Be Broken.

Your mother's apron strings stretch from Heaven to you. They are the tethers that bind you to decency and to God. But you can break them. Simon Legree, slave driver, received a letter telling him of his mother's death and saying that she forgave him freely, and had sent a lock of hair as a token of her love. Legree cursed, tore up the letter, threw the hair on the fire. From that day he was only headed for one place, and that was Perdition. He had broken his mother's apron strings.

One of the happiest phrases I know is "the motherhood of God." "When Israel was a child I loved him and called my son out of Egypt. O, Israel, how shall I cast thee off, how can I give thee up? Can a woman forget her sucking child? Yes, she may. Yet will not I forget thee."

MOTHER— GOD'S GIFT TO MAN

By a Grateful Husband and
Father.

WHAT is home without a mother? The emptiest place in the world! Those who have experienced the absence, for only a few weeks or months, of their life's partner, can never adequately describe the feelings of loneliness engendered.

At every moment of the long day and the almost interminable evenings father and children instinctively turn to the place where mother's familiar figure was usually to be seen, and although little thirteen-year-old Ivy bless her!—does her best to make good the deficiency, it can never be really accomplished. Baby "Doug" burts himself and cries for "Mummy." Freda has fallen on her way home from school and badly cut her knee. Sister, as she washes the wound—perhaps rather roughly—says, "Serve you right; you should be more careful." Mother would have been ever so sorry, and her kiss would have done more good than ointment and bandages.

The Children Miss Her

Stanley had failed in his lessons, and, while father is the one in the house who is credited with knowing most, it is to mother that the boy prefers to confide his troubles, and it is from her that he seeks help with his home-lessons.

Ivy, almost ready to leave school, has been destined by father to augment the family income by working in an office in the city; but thoughtful mother, with her large understanding heart, insists on her staying another year at school, if that can possibly be managed. "She is so young to start working, and she will have plenty of work when she does commence."

Even Leslie, now married and himself a father, turns to her in his little difficulties and relishes nothing better than one of her heart-to-heart talks, as he did when he sat on the rug with his head resting on her lap.

No End to Her Work

At family prayers it is mother who can pray for just those things which are nearest to the needs of her little flock. None can wash the children and put them to bed better than she, and no good-night kiss is so sweet as that which comes from her lips.

MEMORY OF MOTHERHOOD

THE heaven that lies about us in our infancy is Motherhood, and no matter how exalted or how depressed we may become we are always attended by the grace of a mother's love. Nor does that vision splendid ever fade into the light of common day. Every great man has glorified a great mother.

In the tragedy of Calvary it is beautiful to see the Master looking down upon his mother in tenderest solicitude, telling her to comfort his best-loved disciple, and him to comfort her.

On this day let each of us honor the hallowed memory of his mother, wearing in token thereof the floral symbol of purity. Of their blessings we may have had great stores, but of that most precious influence there was but one.—James Whitcomb Riley.

BENEATH THEIR LOAD

Dr. J. H. Jowett

HOW is it with the prodigal population of our land? We pray for them, but do we pray from beneath their burden? Have we "borne their griefs and carried their sorrows?" A sainted woman in my church so identified herself with the woman drunkards in her city that when she arose in our prayer meeting she prayed as though she herself were one of them: "God pity us when the passion is upon us; when our flesh burns like a fire may Thy grace keep our spirits cool and strong. When the taint blows out from the open door, and the Devil leaps upon us like a lion from the thicket, Lord, in Thy pity, help and save us." Not "them," mark you, but "us." She became incorporated with the burdened woman and prayed from beneath their load.

"IT'S AWFUL LONESOME . . . 'THOUT MOTHER"

WITHOUT MOTHER!

"It's awful lonesome at our house

'Thout mother;

It's just as quiet as a mouse

'Thout mother.

An' father looks so lonely there

Of evenin's, sittin' in his chair;

It just ain't cheerful anywhere

'Thout mother!

"It's awful hard to get along

'Thout mother;

It seems that everything goes wrong

'Thout mother.

'Course, father does the best he can;

But then, you know, he's just a man,

An' don't know how to fix an' plan

Like mother.



Home is the emptiest place when mother's away.

"SEEMS like I don't enjoy my play

'Thout mother;

Things get worse, every day

'Thout mother!

There's no one now to mend my doll,

Nobody's sorry when I fall—

O, home just ain't no place at all

'Thout mother!

"But father says we must be brave

'Thout mother,

'Cause him an' me, we only have

One 'nother.

An' if we're brave, an' strong, an' true,

An' good, just like she told us to.

We'll go up Home; when life is through,

To mother!"



May 12, 1922

College

DURING the past we

been busy preparing

the coming Self-Denial

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COMING EV

MAJOR GO

Maple Creek

Estevan

Weyburn

MAJOR LA

Edmonton No. 111

Edmonton No. 1

Wainwright



A contingent of

Collegograms

DURING the past week we have been busy preparing ourselves for the coming Self-Denial Effort. We have already entered into our week of Prayer and fasting and next week we shall be into the firing-line in real good earnest.

Several Cadets have pledged themselves to diet only on bread and water, and so far are having victory, not only in this direction, but in increased victories in spiritual matters. All have undertaken to deny themselves something which costs at least a little, and when this is undertaken in the spirit of Self-Denial, the individual reaps richly in greater blessings. Cadets of bygone days will remember similar circumstances in their training days.

We are pleased to report another case of conversion. Cadet Hranic while out on business for the College tackled a young man about his soul, bringing about great conviction. Having to return without loss of time to the School the Cadet resolved to see the young man again as soon as possible. The "free" time came at last, and away sailed the Cadet in search of the young fellow with the result that another soul found liberty and pardon, and is rejoicing in the knowledge of sins forgiven. The wide-eyed Cadet handed in the name and address to the responsible Corps Officer!

Cadets are often called upon to assist in exceptional cases, and while conducting the Open-Air Meeting on Tuesday night a girl of fourteen years came seeking help. Ill-treated and turned away from her home she sought refuge in a friend's house and was given a little money and advised to "go to The Army." Fortunately she heard of the Cadets' meeting and on making her case known to Sergeant Sutherland was promptly assisted, ultimately finding safety in the Winnipeg Children's Detention Home and in the safe and kindly care of Adjutant and Mrs. Carter.

Cadet Mrs. Towers, who recently met with an accident resulting in a broken wrist, is improving splendidly. Even with one arm Mrs. Towers cannot be inactive, and is to be heard giving Lassic Cadets instructions on how to cut out uniforms, watching to see that the excited Cadet does not cut and slash in the wrong direction! We recently remarked that it was an ill wind that blows no one any good, and the grateful would-be-dressmakers heartily agreed!

COMING EVENTS

MAJOR GOSLING

Maple Creek	May 12-14
Estevan	May 19-20
Weyburn	May 21-23

MAJOR LARSON

Edmonton No. III	May 12, 13
Edmonton No. I	May 19, 20
Wainwright	May 26, 27

Pointed Words on Migration

Commissioner Lamb addresses influential Conference in London, England, and puts up fine case for Migration as the solution of present-day difficulties in the Homeland

AT the first of the two days' sessions of the Central Poor Law Conference which met at the Guildhall, London, recently, under the presidency of the Rt. Hon. Sir Alfred Mond, Bt., M.P., Commissioner Lamb read a Paper on "Migration as one solution of present difficulties."

From this important contribution to the deliberations of the Conference we make the following quotations:



"Give a man steady work," I have often heard The Father of The Salvation Army say, "and all his difficulties — and yours — will be at an end. He will then feed his family and look after himself; pay his rent; and be a contributor to, rather than a charge on, your rates."

I cannot imagine any one here wishing to continue to grant relief to any person when it was known that in an adjoining Union or in the neighboring county there was work actually waiting. You would soon devise some

method of taking or sending the man to the job. The natural resources of the British Empire are such that there need never be at any time a single able-bodied man or woman without employment.

Our Great Heritage

When I hear politicians and others speak of our surplus population, I try to visualize the destiny of the English-speaking people. Then I sigh for a statesman who will arise and tell us there is no such thing as a surplus population. There may be in some districts a temporary excess of people whose social and economic need it is beyond the brain capacity of our rulers and governors to organize for properly, thus giving the Malthusians once more an opportunity for preaching limitation of the number in a family. We also know that neither the withholding of outdoor relief nor the granting of a house order is going to do anything to prevent an in-

crease in what some of the theorists regard as an "undesirable population." But at the present time one of the great needs of the world is an increase in the number of men and women who will cheerfully accept the great heritage which is ours.

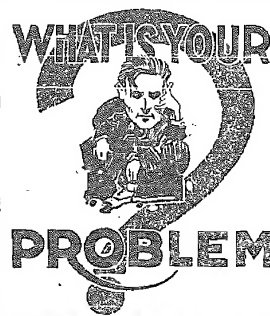
Nothing in recent years has given us more satisfaction than the emigration of widows. We have sent out 316 with 504 children during the past four years, and I think in only two cases have we had a breakdown — and then it has been only partial. The bigger the family, the more easily we can arrange the transplantation. Our aim throughout is to keep the family together.

Widow A. and her nine children were all inmates of a Midland workhouse, when the Guardians invoked our aid. The mother with an infant and two girls of working age went overseas first. The Guardians say that if the scheme had broken down at this stage and they had been left with the rest of the family, they stood to gain financially. During the next twelve months two more of the children went out, a year later two others, and at the end of the fourth year, after full investigation had taken place by the Canadian Government, an order was issued permitting the rest of the family to enter the Dominion.

Would it not be worth while to put forward some well-considered schemes of settlement? The Guardians, I think, might reasonably expect the Overseas Settlement to contribute one-third of the total cost, the Overseas Dominions to contribute another one-third, leaving the Guardians to find the remaining third. The money could be borrowed, and repayment spread over a term of years.

I may be asked, is it fair and right that the Overseas Dominions should take only our best and leave us with the more or less unfit? My answer is that we should only assist those likely to succeed. Expenditure on others would be wasteful and cruel. In twenty years The Salvation Army has directed the migration and settlement of over 125,000 persons, with less than 1 per cent. of failure.

I submit that of all the remedies propounded for the immediate and permanent relief of distress arising from lack of employment, Empire migration and settlement still hold the field, and so I say let us go forward to the end that there be no poor among you."



What is your trouble?
Is it a personal matter?
Are you in soul difficulty?
Do you need advice and help?
Write to Editor, War Cry, 317-319 Carlton Street, Winnipeg, giving your name and address, which will not be published, and briefly state your difficulty, and an answer will be given in the War Cry or by mail.

Q. What is the difference between Post-Millennialism and Pre-Millennialism? And if millennialism means one thousand years, does it refer to that period when Satan will be bound?

Answer. Reduced to the final analysis: Post-Millennialists believe that Christ will not come until after "The Golden Age," while Pre-Millennialists believe He will come before it. Or, to state it another way, the former believe that the God-appointed means for saving the race of man, as well as the individual in the race, is the Gospel and that the Gospel of Christ will finally prevail over sin and evil in the world in this dispensation; while the latter believe that, despite the influence of the Gospel, "Wicked men and seducers will wax worse and worse" and that the race will finally break down under its own weight of wickedness and that Christ will come at midnight in the moral and spiritual realm. Pre-Millennialists commonly identify the Millennium with the thousand years during which Satan is to be bound. There is a third school — the Nil Millenniumists, which probably has as many or more adherents than any other. According to this view, Christ may come now at any time (agreeing with the Pre-Millennialists in this), but when He does come it will be for the purpose of judging the world and there will be no one saved after His coming; but there will be a sudden winding up of the affairs of man and nations and the inauguration of the eternal state and order of things. In the Pre-Millennial plan, the whole period of the Millennium, beginning with the Rapture of the Church and ending with the Judgment of the Great White Throne, will be occupied with the adjustment of earthly affairs and the initiation of the eternal state.

APPROVED INTO GOD

"Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

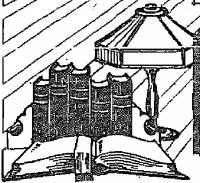


A contingent of boys leaving the Old Country for Canada, under The Salvation Army scheme of immigration. The group is fathered by Major Kyle

OUR WEEKLY SERMONETTE

What Holiness Is Not

By Brigadier J. Newton Parker



YOU SHOULD READ

ABOUT PRAYING

PRAYER, like many other things, only becomes possible by practice. For good reasons our Heavenly Father sees fit to keep us waiting for some time before we realize His nearness when we begin to pray. This may be to test our earnestness; for when we are in earnest we keep on reaching out to Him in faith until we know and feel His presence. And those who persevere are seldom kept long without the answer.

Prayer is not merely asking that our desires may be granted, but it is a sweet and very real intimacy or communion with God, Who loves to reveal Himself to those who seek Him. "He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me; and he that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father, and I will love him, and will manifest Myself to him" (John 14:21). "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find, knock, and it shall be opened unto you" (Matthew 7:7).

Let not your praying end with the time you are able to spend on your knees. Live the prayer-life! Let your heart be uplifted to God while you are at work, or in the street. He is always near, and as you come to enjoy this hallowed fellowship with Himself you will have no inclination to sin. Remember that you cannot cease from sin by trying to do so, but by living in His presence and having that presence in you.

Read and think upon his work every day.

ABOUT REPENTANCE

REPENTANCE is sorrow on account of personal sin. It means intense hatred of all that is evil, and it includes a full confession to God of transgressions against His law.

Men are led to repent by observing the love and goodness of God; by His patience and long-suffering; by His chastisement; by the fear of wrath to come, and by the operation of the Holy Ghost upon the heart.

All men should repent because they are commanded by God so to do, and in the nature of things there can be no Salvation, no possible hope of Heaven, without Repentance.

All have at some time or other experienced promptings of Repentance. Some yield and are saved. Others stiffen their necks and become yet more hardened in sin.

Take the wise course—repent here and now.

THIS TESTIMONY

"I WENT over to Canada as a full-paying passenger, and I saw how splendidly those who went under Salvation auspices were cared for. My little child was taken ill on the boat, and although I was not with The Salvation Army party I shall never forget the kindness of The Salvation Army conductor, who not only helped me with the nursing of my child, but also conducted the funeral on board ship. If it had not been for The Army Officer, I do not know whatever I should have done. My heart was broken and I was absolutely staggered beyond anything I can express. I was compelled to return to this country after having lost my child, but shall never forget the kindness of that Salvation Army Officer."—A lady to an Army Officer whom she met in Redhill, England.

It is not absolute perfection. God alone has this. We are rivulets. He is the boundless ocean; we are the branches. He is the vine; we are creatures. He is the Creator; we are finite. He is infinite. We may be good and just and truthful, but He is goodness, justice and truth; we may have life, light, love and power, but He is all these. There are bounds between plants, animals and men, so that one cannot become another; just so the finite, no difference how finite, is always finite, and can never be infinite.

It is not the perfection of glorified saints and angels. They live where all is light, while we are surrounded by scarcely anything but darkness. They are not cumbered with a body, while we have both an imperfect body and mind, and must contend with infirmities, temptations, sufferings, difficulties, oppositions and persecutions.

It is not Adam's perfection. Adam had no sin until he fell. He had a perfect body and mind and a clean soul. When he came into the world there was no sin and no curse, with their awful consequence; but, through his sin, all these have been left to his children. How terrible may be the results of one man's sin!

SIN SPIRITUAL, NOT PHYSICAL

It is not deliverance from sickness or mental infirmities. One may be sick, blind and deaf, or physically and mentally weak, but these are not taken away when he is saved or sanctified. When sanctified, increased faith may lead to healing, and through better care of the body, it may become healthier; but sin belongs to the spiritual realm and not the physical or mental.

It is not perfection in judgment. That means infallibility, and such belongs only to God. Our sphere is bounded by five imperfect senses—seeing,

Serious Suggestions for Soldiers
—The Supreme Opportunity

Does God call you to be a Candidate?

God raised up Luther, Wesley and William Booth when the world needed organizations to "go for the worst."

The Salvation Army is God's latest, most up-to-date and efficient religious movement.

God has let you live now that you might have the advantage of all the learning and experience of the past, and a finished Bible.

If He has called you to be an Officer, here is your supreme chance to save yourself, loved ones, neighbors, and possibly thousands of others.

Once this chance is gone, it will not come again.

Do you want to do something worth while for God and the world? Here is the golden opportunity.

Let absolutely nothing keep you from your duty to God, humanity and yourself.

hearing, feeling, tasting and smelling—and only by God's help can we really expect to decide rightly either in spiritual or temporal things.

It is not deliverance from temptation. Adam, the angels and Jesus were all holy, and were tempted. Adam fell and filled the earth with sin and its consequences. The angels fell, and became devils. Jesus conquered, and became the world's Redeemer. The devil tempts the sanctified more because they do his kingdom the most injury; but temptation is not sin.

It is not being long-faced. Just as the holy should not do sinful and unwise things, or allow themselves to be stiff and formal, so they should not keep themselves under restraint, but lead simple, humble, happy lives. It takes sixty-four muscles to frown and thirteen to smile, and the latter is easier work and healthier both physically and spiritually. Sanctimonious, long-faced people are very nearly soured. God wants sweetness and simplicity.

SANCTIFICATION CLEANSSES THE SOUL

It is not destruction of manhood. Man, as animals, must have love to protect the weaker, fear to avoid evils, perseverance to go on, sex to increase. Sanctification does not create or destroy any of these, but cleanses the soul and helps men to keep their powers under lawful and expedient control.

It is not constant rapture. We could not stand constant joy, for, like continued sorrow, it would wear us out. Sometimes God gives us joy because if is necessary, but the highest state of grace is perfect peace and rest. We should stand firm and do the will of God, and He will see we have all the joy we need.

It is not growth. We begin to grow as soon as we are saved; but just as vegetables grow better in a garden free from weeds, so we grow better if our hearts are free from impurity; and this comes when we are sanctified.

It is not legality. We are "dead to the law by the body of Christ" (Rom. 7:4). Some make a specialty of the law, but when holy people begin dabbling with the law they start back-sliding. "Whosoever of you are justified by the law, ye are fallen from grace" (Gal. 5:4). We should keep free, for Jesus died to make us so, "Christ hath made us free" (Gal. 5:1).

It is not conversion. The conditions of conversion are repentance and faith; and of sanctification, they are consecration and faith. The conditions of these experiences, the times received and the kind of work done, are all different. Conversion must come first, and, after it, when the conditions are fulfilled, sanctification.

SPIRITUAL ECONOMY

WE once saw an advertisement in a morning paper, which read like this: "Men's Garments for Sale. Suits will not last long at this price." Most likely not, was the thought that came uppermost in our minds—not, at any rate, at the price stated at the foot of the advertisement. Doubtless the advertisers did not mean it to be interpreted in the way we did, but still the impression adhered to our plastic mind, just the same.

What is worth having is well worth paying for, is an age-long maxim born of centuries of human experience and its value is not to be discredited. Many Christians suffer from a worn-out, threadbare spiritual experience simply because they have not paid the price. Similarly, numbers who make their way to the Penitent Form gain an experience which lasts just about as long as the depth of repentance to which they go.

The price demanded of the individual who is anxious for the lasting garment of righteousness and God's holiness is not the superfluous small change that one happens to have about them—but their all. "Go sell all thou hast." In other words the price is absolute, unconditional surrender to the claims of God.

It is poor economy to miser up within the confines of the heart the dirty treasures and tawdry trinkets—which account for the shabby spiritual dress assumed by so many—when an exchange can be purchased through the medium of the Blood of the everlasting covenant.—W. R. P.

KNOTS AND "NOTS"

IN the dress of a Hindu woman her graceful robe is fastened upon her person entirely by means of a single knot. The long strip of cloth is wound around her person so as to fall in graceful folds like a made garment, and the end is fastened by a little knot, and the whole thing hangs by that simple fastening. If that were loose the robe would fall. And so in the spiritual life, our habits of grace are likened unto garments, and it is also true that the garment of love, which is the beautiful adorning of the child of God, is entirely fastened by little knots.

If you will read with care the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians you will find that most of the qualities of love are purely negative. "Love envieth not, love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave herself rudely, seeketh not her own, is not provoked, thinketh no evil." Here are not enough to hold on our spiritual wardrobe. Here are reasons enough to explain the failure of so many, and the reason why they walk naked, or with rent garments, and others see their shame. Let us look after the knots.

AFTER THE STRUGGLE

It's easy enough to begin a task. But to finish it—that's the thing. The completed work holds the honey sweet.

While the undone yields a sting. Oh, the feet will lag, and the heart grow faint.

Offices are the task is done! But what joy is yours, as you rest at last.

With the hard-fought battle won!

May 12, 1923

CHINA'S CHRISTIAN GENERAL
SALVATION INVADERS WELCOMED IN A
MILITARY CAMP

COMMISSIONER PEARCE and a party of twenty-one Salvationists recently visited the camp of General Feng Yu-Hsiang, the Chinese military leader, and were cordially received by this remarkable man about whom the world is talking. They were introduced to the General by Rev. Mr. Goforth, who recalled his personal meetings with The Founder, and were encouraged to talk freely about the work of The Army and meanings of various titles and phrases used. Commissioner Pearce then gave a short address to a number of General Feng's officers and conducted an Open-Air Meeting with some two thousand men in one of the drill grounds. Says the "Salvation News," in reporting the event, "Salvation Army men and officers, and no doubt the future holds much that will be both happy and beneficial to both armies."

Accomplished Student

This first contact between The Army and General Feng Yu-Hsiang is most significant. From all parts of the world the career of this military leader is being watched with intense interest, for he is applying in wholesale fashion the principles of Christian teaching to his task as commander of an army of 30,000 men. Born of humble parentage less than forty years ago he entered the Chinese army as a private. He was completely illiterate, but by pure merit rose above his surroundings, to read and write until he is now an accomplished Chinese student and speaks some English.

Anti-Drink and Tobacco

At the present time General Feng is at the zenith of his bodily strength. A veritable giant in size, he towers over all comers. He delights to walk about the streets dressed in a shabby uniform and the same kind of old clothes and straw shoes his soldiers wear. His ears are ever open to grievances as his hand is heavy to evildoers, and his receptions are attended by men of all ranks. The General is a total abstainer and a non-smoker, and so convinced is he that the wine and tobacco evils are to be combated that he has forbidden his officers and men to smoke and drink. Brothels, theatres and gambling dens in his area have been closed and over fifteen thousand of his men have made definite profession of faith in Christ.

Future Possibilities

So impossible have the stories of General Feng's influence appeared that impartial inquirers have visited his camp and confirmed all that has been said. Recently transferred to the neighborhood of Peking he wiped out all the questionable places with which the villages were infested and put the buildings to educational uses. It is in connection with his desire to provide the best Christian teaching for his men that this courageous leader came into touch with The Army, and great hopes are entertained for the future as our methods are calculated to appeal to the men in the military service and to many thousands of people who, by reason of General Feng's masterful personality, are now seeing that the religion of Jesus is a practical and miraculously elevating thing.

SELF-DENIAL IS—

A PRACTICAL way of saying—and a living—"Thy Kingdom come."

A united effort by God's people for the replenishing of The Salvation Army's "war chest."

An inspiring chance for Converts to "show their Colors" and secure lasting recognition as bold Salvation Soldiers.

An opportunity for Soldiers to show their gratitude to God for blessings received in The Salvation Army, and their loyalty to their Leaders.



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Ensign and Mrs. Jacks left this week for a resting resort in the state of Indiana. The Ensign and his entire family have had a handicapped term at St. James; each member of his family have undergone a siege of sickness. The Ensign has been particularly unwell during the past two months and it is hoped a season of rest and quietness will help toward a speedy restoration to strength.

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in
Canada West and Alaska
Founder—William Booth
General—Bramwell Booth
International Headquarters,
London, England.

Territorial Commander,
Commissioner Henry C. Hodder,
317-319 Carlton St.,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be ad-
dressed to The Editor.

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Limited, corner Notre Dame and Langside
Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

HOLLAND
APPOINTMENT—
Lieut.-Commissioner Jens Povlsen to be
Territorial Commander.

DENMARK
APPOINTMENT—
Colonel Heinrich Gunderson to be Ter-
ritorial Commander.

EDWARD J. HIGGINS,
Chief of the Staff.

SELF-DENIAL EFFORT

Let us take fullest advantage of this op-
portunity to promote the spread of the
Spirit of the Cross

WE are all thinking just now on the
Week of Self-Denial, an event
with which many of the hallowed
things in Salvation Army History are
connected as cause and effect. The
vast fabric of The Salvation Army,
with all the tremendously significant
history which the Organization has
made, has developed directly out of
the spirit which lies back of this ef-
fort—the spirit of Self-Denial. We
cannot think of what the Organization
should have become if, after the first
few struggling years of foundation-
laying, our people had turned to self-
seeking—had thrown aside the great
principle upon which we were founded.

Today subtle temptations, far more
serious and insidious, probably than
we have ever before been called upon to
face, are thrusting themselves upon
us. The enticement to a form of life
less trying to the natural man will be
strong upon some. We do not sug-
gest that there will be a declination
in this respect; we have full and
strong confidence that we will suc-
cessfully resist. But we must urge
upon each one to take the fullest ad-
vantage of every occasion to promote
the true spirit of the Cross among us.

The Self-Denial Week is one of the
standards—one of the normal water-
marks—by which the people who think
on these things will judge us and will
be justified in judging us. We have
set this standard for ourselves—no
one has forced it upon us—and have
made it known broadcast that this is
one of the primary events of The Sal-
vation Army year. Now, any reac-
tion from this, any falling away from
the effort, even any declination from
the spirit of it, will mark a step down-
ward among us, and surely it is not
necessary for us to adhere to it to hold
to the letter and the spirit of it as to
one of the things that are necessary
to our life. No one of you may, for
any reason, neglect or ignore it. No
one must think lightly of it.

One of the results of this effort is
a fund, a large portion of which is
devoted to Salvation Army missionary
work in foreign fields, which are not
self-sustaining. The Salvation Army's
opportunity in such fields as China,
India, Japan, Korea and the East
Indies, is absolutely marvelous in its
greatness. Everywhere hands are
reaching out to us and faces with
tears upon them are turned toward
us in appeal for the kind of help which
it is within the power of the Salva-
tion Army to bring. And it is in
these lands that the dollars which you
give, by means of the sacrifice of your
comforts, will be transmuted into life
and light and salvation. Need we re-
mind ourselves that there can be no
higher motive to self-denial than this?

OUR TERRITORIAL LEADERS

Campaign at Winnipeg VIII

The Chief Secretary Assists

'A Fine Day' results in great uplift and eight seekers

HOW true is the old adage, "A Sun-
day well spent brings a week of
content," and surely, to the comrades
of Winnipeg VIII Corps there must
come a deep sense of satisfaction as
they contemplate last Sabbath's meet-
ings conducted by Commissioner and
Mrs. Hodder.

Well did Henry W. Peacher say, "A
world without a Sabbath would be
like a man without a smile, like a
summer without flowers, and like a
household without a garden; it is the
joyous day of the whole week." At

ing, when, out of the fullness of his
own experience and from the "Living
Word" he can bring forth things "new
and old." The Commissioner's mes-
sage was most direct in its applica-
tion. We were carried back in thought
to the days of His flesh, when He
stood by the Sea of Galilee and ut-
tered those thrilling words, "Follow
thou Me." The words of the solo sung
by Ensign Mundy prior to the Com-
missioner's address were significant:
"By the peaceful shores of Galilee,



Motherhood at its Best

any rate, to every true Salvationist,
Sunday is but another glorious oppor-
tunity of publishing the Sinner's
Friend.

Thus, while the presence of God was
manifest in the large Cathedral with
its vast concourse of worshippers, and
even the lonely rancher found a ready
response to his prayer, and the poor,
bed-ridden sufferer had his pillow
softened by the presence of our Om-
nipotent Saviour, in like manner, the
No. VIII Hall became the meeting
place where saint and sinner received
the needed touch to soul and spirit.
Even nature lent a hand, for while
the spirit of the Master flooded the
souls of His followers within, the
glorious sunshine bathed the earth in
its warmth and cheer without.

The Holiness Meeting was a season
of real spiritual uplift. The Life
Saving Guards occupied the platform
and added much to the spirit of the
meeting by their united song, "Must
Jesus bear the Cross alone?" Mrs.
Hodder in her remarks commented
not only on their singing abilities, but
also on the theme of their song—The
Cross; its attraction, and its reality in
every true Salvationist's life. Her
message was inspiring and most help-
ful.

Of all meetings, the Commissioner
is most at home in a Holiness gather-

Mending their nets by the silver sea,
The fishermen toiled at their tasks
each day,
Till the Master passeth alone that
way.

"Fellow thou Me! He calls again,
And I will make you fishers of men.
As in the days of Galilee,
Jesus is calling, you and me."

The afternoon meeting was devoted
wholly to the Young People. Adj-
utant and Mrs. H. Dray, the Y. P.
Sergeants-Major of the Corps, had
everything in order. A peep into the
Sand Tray Department revealed
thirty little tots with their hands dip-
ped into the sand and their eyes al-
ight as their instructor told them
in story form of a Bible hero of long
ago. After the Guards had given an-
other display of their singing, the
Chief Secretary recited a few inter-
esting incidents out of his early-day
diary, much to the delight of these
young braves who were passing the
"self-same way." The Young People
listened keenly to the instructive mes-
sages of both the Commissioner and
Mrs. Hodder after which they went
their way homeward full of faith
for the night gathering.

No better song could have been
chosen to create such a heavenly in-
fluence as that which the Chief Secre-
tary announced, "Jesus lover of my

soul, let me to Thy bosom fly." Hearty
congregational singing followed as a
united prayer, the song ascended, and
it brought a united blessing. Mrs.
Brigadier Coombs led in earnest
prayer.

Once again the Young People
were to the front, and the Guards
rendered a suitable song. The Band
played during the offering.

In Mrs. Hodder's remarks she made
reference to the power of Gospel
song, mentioning the opening hymn,
"Jesus Lover of my soul" and the
selection by the Guards, "I think when
I read that sweet Story of old." Such
songs as these link the past with the
present, and the present with the fu-
ture.

The Commissioner's Bible lesson
was rich in warning to the sinner, yet
encouraging to the child of God. Sin
in all its variety was portrayed, but
with it came the simple message of
deliverance, an exodus from its thrall-
dom into the liberty of Christ, an es-
cape, a lifeboat, a ladder of safety,
and our hearts rejoiced when eight
souls sought His pardoning love and
came out of "nature's darkness into
His most marvellous light." No won-
der the C. O., Ensign Pasmore, said
to the "Cry" representative as she
bade him goodnight, "This has been
a fine day, a fine day."

DRIVING IN WINNIPEG

SELF-DENIAL EFFORT TAKEN UP IN INSPIRING STYLE

Enthusiastic 'Pep' Meeting in the
Manitoba Hall conducted by
The Field Secretary

AS we write the Winnipeg Self-
Denial Drive is in full swing. It
got away to a great start on Monday
evening, when the Team Captains and
representative workers met in the
Manitoba Hall for a final word.

Lieut.-Colonel Taylor, the Campaign
organizer for the City's business sec-
tion, directed the proceedings, and in
a battle charge which appealed to
heart and mind alike he led his
listeners up to pitch. Then the in-
spiring words of Doctor Bricker and
Mr. Leaney, each of whom paid elo-
quent tribute to The Salvation Army,
stressed its needs and with fine em-
phasis acknowledged its deserts and
consequent claims, whipped up op-
timism to maximum register.

Not least amongst the energizing
announcements made by the chairman
was the one to the effect that the

Employees of the T. Eaton Company
have this year presented us with a
cheque for \$1,000

The target for Winnipeg is twenty-
five thousand dollars, fifteen thousand
of which it is anticipated will be
raised in the business section by
Lieut.-Colonel Taylor and his 'drivers'.
The balance is to be taken care of by
Lieut.-Colonel Phillips and Field and
Training forces.

SET A WATCH

The morning is the gate of day.
But ere you enter there
See that you set, to guard it well,
The sentinel of prayer.

So shall God's grace your steps attend,
Let nothing else pass through.
Save what can give the countenance—
The Father's will for you.

When you have reached the end of
day,
Where night and sleep await,
Set there the sentinel again
To bar the evening's gate.

So shall no fear disturb your rest
No danger and no care;
For only peace and pardon pass
The watchful guard of prayer.

CHIEF SECRETARY'S NOTES

THE Chief of the Staff, Commis-
sioner Higgins, is expected to conduct
three great meetings in Toronto next
Sunday. We regret that Canada West
cannot be favored with a visit from
the Chief at this time.

By the time these lines are in print
we expect Commissioner Lamb to be
with us. His arrival in New York
has already been announced.

"Rushed" scarcely describes the
state of affairs at Territorial Head-
quarters at the moment. The Com-
missioner, aided by a devoted staff, is
full up to the last minute with Sal-
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him a safe return!

Self-Denial is distinctly "on" at the
"Hub," and a spirit of holy rivalry
exists amongst the members of the
Headquarters fraternity. Corps Offi-
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reaching us indicate a move-on else-
where. Read this one from Regina:

"Self-Denial plans all O. K. Fifty
business men ready to start Tuesday
morning. Thirty-four of them met to-
day at luncheon, and later journeyed
to the Women's Home on Dewdney
Street in decorated cars announcing
the Campaign. Enthusiasm is run-
ning high. Signed, Major Gosling."

Then another from Calgary from
Staff-Captain Bristow: "Self-Denial
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Ensign Putt, Young People's Sec-
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for the East shortly to take a Field
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prayers will follow them.

The writer has received some
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who attended the Young People's
Councils at Regina and Saskatoon.
The latest has in it this phrase, "I
never been to better meetings in my
lifetime, but I trust God that I will
attend better meetings in the future."

Ensign Acton writes from Port-
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of six feet. This came up so sudden-
ly at midnight Friday that they were
unable to get all the things out of the
Citadel. The Ensign also states that
many of our comrades have suffered
a total loss of furniture. The Quar-
ters have been opened to these un-
fortunate, as many as nineteen had
been accommodated there at the
time. The Ensign has been asked
the Mayor to assist in the relief work
and is doing his best to help in the
way.

PRECEPT

Let your light so shine before men
that they may see your good work
and glorify your Father which is in
Heaven.—Matthew v. 16.

PROMISE

The Lord also will be a refuge for
the oppressed, a refuge in times of
trouble.—Psalm ix. 9.

PRAYER

Hearken unto the voices of my
King, and my God: for unto Thee
will I pray.—Psalm v. 2.

THANKS FROM THE GENERAL

The General wishes to acknowledge
the receipt of further Birthday mes-
sages from comrades over the sea.
He is grateful for each one, and cordi-
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THE ARMY OF THE HELPING HAND

Extracts from an interview with The General which throw a vivid light on the reasons for the world-wide spread of Salvationism and show upon how firm a base it stands

WHILE The Salvation Army is neither creedless nor creed-ridden—while it never of deliberate intent rejected a hoary creed or set out to invent a brand-new one—it yet claims to possess a creed of unsurpassed simplicity, beauty and power! Compressed into a precious couplet and proclaimed the world round, it declares:

His Blood can make the vilest clean,
His Blood avails for me!

To a War Cry representative The General was good enough to indicate the sure foundations of The Army's faith and to name some of the incontrovertible truths upon which its appeal to humanity is based.

HOLD FAST TO VITAL TRUTHS

"I do not hesitate to assert," said The General, "that nothing has happened in the history of Christianity which has more vividly illustrated Jesus Christ's saying, 'The truth shall make you free.' From beginning to end, in sunshine and storm, The Army has held fast to certain vital truths, or, as we sometimes call them, doctrines. Looking back, this appears all the more striking because from the very inception of the movement we have been accused, right and left, of neglecting to teach either our own people or those outside. Even to this day, indeed, I am positively amused to hear one set of critics deploring the fact that we fail to teach the fountain truths, while I regularly hear another set applaud us to the skies because we have no creed and are free from all the 'trammels' of theology! Now I contend that, after the apostles, we have probably been the greatest teachers ever raised up by God for the instruction of the common people—the mass, that is, who know nothing of vital religion—and for the enlightenment of those who, before God's message reached them, through The Army, were altogether in the dark.

"And The Army's teaching from the start was the same as it is to-day?"

"Except that in some respects the apprehension of the truth has widened and deepened. Quite early on in the development of the organization the leaders came to a 'large place' themselves in regard to the experience and teaching of salvation. Commencing with more or less of the limited view of a personal salvation, which had, no doubt, been common in the sphere in which they moved, and powerfully convinced of the unlimited possibilities of God in the individual, they came in time to have an enlarged perception of the meaning of salvation. Both the old General and my dear mother were irresistibly imbued with this idea of the call of God to get the people saved from sin and Hell, and it was that which at first filled their thoughts.

"Thus it was that the early converts were sent to the churches, with the result that many of them quickly fell away. Others came back and reported that they were not received very cordially, while others again realized that they were 'speckled birds' even where they were apparently warmly welcomed.

"The first extension of view took place when it was realized that the true ideal would be to gather these converts into a community, or society, whose aim should be to use all its members to make other converts. This soon came about, and a new thing began to be seen: instead of converts being added to the rolls of existing religious bodies—gathered in, sheltered, and little more heard of them—the first thought and anxiety was that each should be turned into a worker for other souls. Thus the Christian Mission was formed, with the thought that every member was a responsible soul-winner. It immediately began to reproduce itself, which The Army has never ceased to do.

SALVATION INCLUDES LOVING SERVICE

"And now another still larger conception made its influence felt, one which although it did not make its way with any great rapidity, came over a period of years to be one of the most important governing forces in The Army's life. I mean this—that it was perceived that Jesus Christ's scheme of salvation comprehended more than the conversion and holiness of the individual. That while this ever came first, and can never be replaced by anything else, salvation must embrace the whole idea of loving service for the world. So The Army began to teach its people, and has gone on teaching its people, that not only must they for themselves be reconciled to God—born again—and walk in white, and not only must they, when thus transformed, seek for the salvation from sin and Hell of those around them, but, more than this, they must also consider themselves the servants of all, called upon and commissioned by Divine compassion and wisdom to render every service which kindness, sympathy, longsuffering and forgiving love can inspire or exact.

"Consequently, we say to the people who are saved: 'Go and try to get your neighbors saved by the same Saviour! He died for them. He lives for them. He loves them. But—feed them if they are hungry! Wash them if they are filthy! Clothe them if they are naked! Visit them in their afflictions! Weep with them in their sorrows! Stay by them in their sicknesses! Treat them as friends rather than as neighbors! And do all this whether they will accept our Gospel or not!'"

NATURAL AND INEVITABLE OUTCOME

Surely The General has condensed The Salvation Army, its creed and its deed, into a few sentences, and it was but the most natural sequence that he went on to say:

"You will see what this led to—the progress and expansion of the movement at which both the religious and secular worlds have marvelled. Yes, here also is the true principle underlying The Army's Social Work. That work has not taken the unique position it now occupies in our world-wide propaganda and activities by mere accident or by a passing spasm of sympathy and compassion. It is the natural and inevitable outcome of the truth to which I have just been referring.

"Do you not realize how different this is from the normal notion about religion and charity—that people should be gathered in from the world into a little flock, sheltered and instructed by devoted pastors, made cosy in their conventicles and at their communion tables, while the great multitudes outside sweep past them not only to suffer here but to drop into Hell hereafter? Oh, I would say to all my beloved Salvationists, Beware of anything which tends to narrow down this great conception, this grand evangel; that by the power of Christ and Him crucified every Salvationist is to have a hand in putting right everything wrong!"

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A WATCH

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and sleep away,
entinel again
ning's gate.

ir disturb your rest
nd no care;
and pardon pass
guard of prayer.

May 12, 1923

ERNITY

YOUR SOUL IN TUNE?

By Lt.-Col. R. Slater

Continued from last week)

as been said, "Let me have a memory, and from it I will tell that sort of a man he is, and his life has been." There is a deal of truth in this method of living a man.

That after the key has been turned from the operation of the soul-music begins to flow, the test of thankfulness for as long as a soul is in tune, it really follows that the character of a man's memory, the basis of his heart for his praise to God, next infallible sign. "All His are taken in a rapid survey, a musician might sweep over a hundred, touching notes here and there through the entire catalogue of memories is made, passage we may call it, as due given according to the Psalmist, of the series of benevolence which he is indebted to God, does he begin? What is the first struck in this passage? "Who has all thine iniquities" is he not? Is it not true that below notes in soul-music must be a consciousness of forgiveness of sins? blessings would either he in would lose much of their assurance of pardon were the foundation of our spiritual life.

Renewal and Restoration

ing over the scale of our soul's life, does it tally with what the Psalmist gives us as he was upon by the Holy Ghost? He with healing of diseases, if not all physical, redemption from destruction (fear of Hell is owning with loving-kindness our mercies (assurance of communion with God, and therefore in peace, confidence with Him) mouth (no longer is there in a famine-stricken land), restoration, perfecting of powers (did not the writer all that was within to bless all power or faculty was in, but only required to be tuned with the pitch as Divine Musician?)

be Realized—Now!

sweet these notes sound in spiritual music—forgiveness, deemed, crowned, satisfied, with powers all in vigor to demands as in the case of the healthy eagle? Where does it say he realized this? Why, here on earth. When we record indicate such an can be enjoyed? Why,

mediate concern is as to we are in tune. First and have we the pardon of sin—standing fact of our membership, are our souls alive? We rush to our lips as with "Bless the Lord, O my determine our real relationship with God, although they made rupt, full chorused start to He had been meditating; acted upon divine things in upon his own spirit, and glowing of his heart caused in indeed, his feelings, his a memory, his convictions perfect agreement with the God, and so came the music of his soul.

BRANDON

Ensign and Mrs. McElin

We have to report the promotion to Glory of Brandon J. McElin, who died every suddenly on Tuesday, April 23rd. Our Comrade given twenty-six years of unbroken service to God and his country, fourteen in the old land and twelve in Brandon.

The funeral service was conducted by St. Andrew's Church, and the full Hall was packed with mourners. The service was a beautiful one, and the music was of a high order. The Comrade's life was a life of devotion to God and his country, and his death was a great loss to the community. The service was a beautiful one, and the music was of a high order. The Comrade's life was a life of devotion to God and his country, and his death was a great loss to the community.

WINNIPEG

Commandant and Mrs. Carroll

Various speakers from the British and Foreign Bible Societies, and the platform at Winnipeg I on Sunday, April 22nd. It was indeed very gratifying to see the results of the efforts of the Society in scattering the truth in every country and in 600 different languages.

Among the many incidents told was one especially interesting. Among a number of Chinese Coolies who had been in the labor divisions, were distributed copies of the Bible by the Bible Society. One of the number became greatly interested, and was being taught to read the Scriptures and help win others, and were being led on in their efforts by the ten coolies who had been through the distribution of the Gospel while in France.

One of the speakers at the afternoon meeting in Winnipeg, was a man who had been in the Bible in the far-flung corners of Manitoba and Saskatchewan, and had come over as hundred miles to Winnipeg to attend the Comrade's Meetings. Part of the way he had floated on a raft, waded a few miles, and the latter part of the trip by steamboat for the engine was ploughing through a few feet of water right in to Winnipeg. In his testimony this brother told of attending a meeting in the Citadel some years ago, and although he couldn't understand English very well, and didn't grasp much of the service, still the text on the Pentateuch gripped him. He confessed he was under deep conviction for he was "burdened and heavy-laden, and wanted rest, but left the building undecided. The next day at work on the farm, the words, "Come unto me and I will give you rest" came in his ears, and between the barn and the house he "believed on the Lord Jesus Christ." What happened? Why, he said, his back straightened up, his shoulders seemed free, a burden had rolled from him and it seemed as if the whole atmosphere had changed and a great light shined upon him.

Truly the man who signifies his willingness does not need to wait for the Saviour to do His part: "In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, all will be changed." There were three speakers at the close of the meeting.—Cor. J. R. W.

SELKIRK

Ensign and Mrs. Waterworth

Many strangers have visited our Corps recently and the Soldiers have experienced much blessing. Two backsliders came to the Pentecost, and a woman gave her heart to God through the visits of our Commanding Officers. The Ensign was recently called upon to assist at the interment of a native who had died in the Selkirk Hospital. This Indian, a Catholic, was buried in the Church of England graveyard by a Salvation Army Officer.—M. M.

WATKINS

Captain Murdell and Lieutenant Erwin

We are pleased to report that our Officers are doing splendidly, although still on the sick list. We hope to soon have them back with us. Corp. Cadet L. McKay visited us and conducted a good weekend which was a real blessing to our souls.—S. E.

REGINA

Adjutant and Mrs. Clarke

Victory was the spirit prevailing during the April 22nd weekend. Sunday morning's meeting was splendid. Mrs. Adjutant Clarke's reading, singing and Bible talk were foretelling, helpful and inspiring. The afternoon meeting was also very enjoyable as Comrades voiced their feelings in song and testimony. At night a song concert was given, our Adjutant, Mrs. Clarke, singing, "Oh beautiful Land." The subject of address was "The Great Day" in the Station Meeting and closed with four at the Mercy Seal.

TRAIL

Capt. Herman and Lieut. Halverson

On Sunday, April 16th, we had Captain Corps with us. He was a very fine man, and his presence was a great blessing to the community. He was a very fine man, and his presence was a great blessing to the community.

DAUPHIN

Ensign F. Mundy

We had a splendid attendance at our week-end Meetings. It was a real pleasure to have Mrs. Ensign McCauley, a former Officer of this Corps, take charge of the Sunday's Meetings. At night the Hall was packed, and for this Meeting Mrs. McCauley took for the Bible lesson, "Blessed are the merciful." At the close of the service two men came forward for pardon.—N. A. N.

HUMBOLDT

Captain and Lieutenant Chalk

The Saskatoon Y. P. Council has resulted in great blessing to this Corps, as thirteen delegates of our Comrades attended and were reconsecrated their lives to God.

On Sunday, April 22nd, we had Ensign Shaw with us and his words were surely an inspiration. In the Company Meeting four little girls gave their hearts to God, and at night another girl came to the Mercy Seal.—Cor. Mrs. W. W.

COLEMAN

Captain and Mrs. Stewart

On the Friday night following, the weekly Meeting at the Hotel was led by Mrs. Commandant Hobbins and the members of the Bible League. The Assembly Hall which, with the other parts of the building, has been carefully renovated, was well filled, and after the bright and interesting meeting, the Home League served refreshments to all present.

Captain Hammond and Lieutenant Craft. We have been gladdened by a few days' visit from Adjutant Hardy, who has been helping us with our Self Denial. God has wonderfully blessed us, and we feel our target is sure.

Ensign ESTEVAN and Mrs. Merrett. As no report from Estevan has been in the War Cry for some time we would like to report that we are still on the firing line. Our Ensign, with nine young people, attended the Y. P. Council at Regina. We have two new converts who are helping to "Roll the old chariot along." Good Meetings have been the order of the day and a number of people have put up their hands requesting prayer.—T. J. C.

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YORKTON

We have been experiencing times of blessing. On Sunday, April 15th, the Memorial Service was held for our prominent Comrade, Mary McElin, and after a stirring address by the Ensign there were eight seekers.

There was one seeker in the morning for Salvation. A good crowd gathered for the evening service. The Ensign spoke of "My Spirit shall not always strive with man," and after a hard-fought Prayer Meeting seven came forward, three of them being backsliders. Our String Band in progress, fervently under the leadership of Brother Olson.—M. F.

REGINA NORTHSIDE CORPS

Captain Loughton and Lieut. Cole

Sunday, April 22nd, was a day of rejoicing over precious souls won for God. We started well with a good number at Knee Drill. The Holiness Meeting was led by Mrs. Major George, assisted by Adjutant and Mrs. Carstairs. The Dedication of Flag-Sergeant and Mrs. Brown's baby boy, being part of the morning service. Mrs. Major Gossling spoke of "Emmanuel, Christ with us."

The evening Meeting was a glorious wind-up for the day. Captain Loughton conducted the service and a young lad led the way to Christ. Later in the Prayer Meeting a sinner surrendered. Stirring testimonies were given in the Hallelujah finish by converts, one being a nurse who was converted during the Commissioner's visit to Regina.

A crowded Cottage Meeting was held at the home of Brother and Sister Green on Monday evening, April 23rd, twenty-six being present. Eleven of our Comrades have left the city but we are rallying around our Colors and carrying on the war during their absence.—B. D. V.

NEW WESTMINSTER

Ensign and Mrs. Bailey

A time of spiritual blessing was recently experienced in the inspiring Meetings conducted by Adjutant and Mrs. Spiering from The Lodge, Vancouver. On the 10th instant, Corps Cadet Guardian Commandant Greenwood and Band of Love Leader Ida Chalk directed a bright Salvation Meeting. The Commandant's lesson on the life of Paul proved a blessing.—Mac.

VERMILION

Ensign and Mrs. Parsons

On Sunday, April 22nd, we had a visit from Major Larson and from it we all received much blessing and encouragement. At night a very many came under deep conviction, and we were glad to see one young girl make her way to the Mercy Seal.—H. C.

The Lord's Peculiar People

No. 2: THE SLAVE

MANY years ago when in charge of the Corps at Wyoming, Ontario, I had a colored Soldier who was once a slave. He kept a little barber shop in the town and one morning when customers were scarce he told me the story of his escape from slavery.

"Some masters I had were kind and considerate to their slaves, and while working for them I never had a thought of making my escape, but accepted slavery as my lot in life and was quite contented. The master I had just before the one from whom I escaped, allowed his slaves to attend religious services, and even to hold meetings themselves. At one of these meetings I got converted, and learned to pray and to put my trust in God. But alas, my Christian master suddenly died and I, with a number of others, was sold. The master who bought me was a cruel one. I had hard work from early morning till late at night, poor food, lots of abuse and often thrashings. A greater part of my nights were spent in planning how I might escape.

"At last the chance came. Master was going on business to a neighboring city and I learned from a conversation I overheard between him and the overseer that he would be away for some days. The overseer was a brute and drank freely, so I reasoned with myself that this was my opportunity for getting away. I knew the risk I was running, for while the overseer was a drunken sot, yet if slaves tried to escape he would get right after them with the blood-hounds and ruthlessly track them down. I had heard many a tale of the horrible tracking and treatment meted out to him, so was well aware of the great chances I was taking. I had often made the question of escaping a matter of prayer, and now I was nearer to Canada and freedom than I had ever been before, so felt this was my opportunity.

"The night after the boss left I had everything ready, and managed to get a little extra food which I secreted in my clothes. I had learned the direction in which Canada lay, and had also heard there were friends near the border who would help an escaping slave. Two hundred miles across the state of Michigan was freedom! That night I stealthily sneaked out of our sleeping quarters. Fortunately none of the dogs heard me. I made for the nearest creek and waded some distance, to put the blood-hounds off the scent, until I came to a roadway which led in the right direction. Then I put on all possible speed. What a night that was! I started at every shadow and jumped at every crack of a twig. It was necessary to keep a diligent lookout for passing people and vehicles, and hide until they had passed. All next day I slept in the bush. Now and then I would come to a small stream and wade down it to another road. It was awful work, with the dread of blood-hounds following, but I knew it was my only chance.

"By the third night my food was gone and I was ravenously hungry. My feet were torn and bleeding, but I plodded on till daybreak and then went off the road into the bush to throw myself down, utterly exhausted. Towards evening I awoke more hungry than ever and aching all over. There came a feeling over me, that I must eat if I was caught—I must have food. So I went out again on the high road and dragged myself along, determined to ask at the first house for something to eat.

"It was getting dark and no dwelling in sight. Presently there was a rumble of wheels, and before I could hide round the bend, the stage coach

swept into sight. It was too late and the driver must have seen me! I pretended to take no notice, although my heart was beating like a hammer. I hoped the coach would pass in the dusk, and I not be noticed, but horrors! the coachman pulled up sharp, and a kindly voice said, "Jump up my man and have a ride." I could hardly believe my ears, but I was soon seated and the coach rolled on.

"Then it came to me, 'What if to gain the reward he delivers me up at the first town.' To add to my fears he whispered, 'Making your escape, oh! and in a kindly voice said, 'Don't be afraid, I will help you all I can.' What a relief those words brought me!

"Soon the lights of the town came in view, and I wondered what the driver would do. He however, soon put my mind at rest by saying, 'Now when I slacken up, you slip off and down the first street—you are bound to see some of your own people. Tell them your plight, and they will help you.' I slipped off when he slackened the horses, and with a prayer for guidance walked down the street. A house appeared in view and I felt I should knock at the door. I did and a voice called 'Come in.' Upon entry, sure enough I found that people of my own race lived there. They said, 'Don't be afraid, but tell us your trouble.' The sight of me was enough to show them my predicament. They soon made me to feel at home and I knew God had guided me to the right place.

"The head of the family said, 'Now you must have something to eat and your feet bathed and treated.' You can then go to bed and have a good sleep. Then by tomorrow night you will be again ready for your journey.'

"By the following night I felt much better, though still stiff and sore. After supper, with the man's two eldest sons we slipped out in the darkness and walked all night, sometimes taking the road, at other times a trail through the woods. By daylight we arrived at another house where we were well received and, after resting all day, I went on with two fresh men, while my first companions returned home. This I found was a regular secret system of helping escaping slaves to the border. The same plan was repeated for four nights.

"Towards the evening of the fourth night I arrived at the Detroit River, where a row boat was waiting to take me across, landing at Amherstburg. As I stepped on Canadian soil I was almost overcome with emotions of gratitude, and lifting up my heart to God, thanked Him for freedom.

"There were plenty of others who had at one time been slaves like me, so I was soon helped to get work. I assisted a barber, learned the trade, and then came to Wyoming where I started this little shop of my own.

"Soon after I came here The Army opened fire. I asked the Captain if I might become a Soldier, was accepted and sworn in under The Flag. Since the day I was enrolled I have done my best to help the slaves of sin to escape from their cruel master the devil, and find in Jesus Christ their Saviour, peace and freedom."

(To be continued)

HOW TO BE SAVED

Realize that you are a sinner. Admit the truth about yourself. Express sorrow for your sins. Repent—that means, turn from sin to God. Christ paid your debt—trust His atoning sacrifice. God is willing, for Christ's sake, to forgive your sins.



SECRET OF HAPPINESS

Wouldst thou be wretched?

Take an easy way:

Think of but self, and self alone, all day;
Think of thy pain, thy grief, thy loss, thy care,
All that thou hast to do, or feel, or bear;
Think of thy good, thy pleasure, and thy gain;
Think only of thyself, 'twill not be vain.

Wouldst thou be happy?

Take an easy way:

Think of those round thee—live for them each day;
Think of their pain, their loss, their grief, their care;
All that they have to do, or feel, or bear;
Think of their pleasure, of their good, their gain;
Think of those round thee, 'twill not be in vain.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING

By M. St. John, Missedosa

"But we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels, for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor; that He by the grace of God should taste death for every man. For it became Him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings."—Heb. 2: 9-10.

Since it was necessary for the sinless One to be made perfect through suffering, how much more should we finite beings require the purifying process? I believe that anyone whom the Lord calls to some difficult work will have to be put in the crucible. Flowers have to be crushed in order to extract their sweetest perfume. Let us not then shrink from that process. The Lord will not willingly afflict us, unless it be for some wise purpose, probably to wean us more and more from the things of earth, and to win our affections to things above.

What a privilege we, who are possessed by the Spirit of Christ, have in carrying hope and blessing to the poor, the sick, the aged, and the "shut in." Instinctively they feel that they have found a friend in us. I have felt all this in my own experience, and can say from the heart, "Oh, that the world would taste and see the riches of His grace! The arms of love that compass me would all mankind embrace."

When we see the littleness of those things which keep back the fullness of the blessing from so many lives, we feel sorry to think that they cannot see the beauty of holiness "without which no man can see the Lord."

of INTEREST to WOMEN

"Of Such is the Kingdom"

By MRS. ADJUTANT J. MERRITT, Vancouver 1.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God."—Luke 18: 16.

THE mothers of Salem were quite contented if Jesus would only lay His hands upon their children, and utter over them a word of blessing. The disciples would have sent them away, thinking they were troubling the Master, but the feeling of Christ toward those children was not so, for He called them unto Him. It must have been a great relief for the Master to look into the innocent eyes of the children after enduring those of spies and enemies. He saw, and still sees in little children His own image—purity, simplicity, sincerity and truth.



fullness. He sat the child in the midst of the disciples and said, "For of such is the kingdom of Heaven." So let us see to it that we offend not one of these little ones that Jesus loves. The children are all around us. The cities are full of them. In our homes the patter of their little feet can be heard upstairs and down. They run in and out of the rooms. We see the merry twinkle in their eyes, hear their headful laughter, and notice quickly the cry of pain and run to wipe the tears away.

The other day I saw a small, rosy-checked boy drawing a sled, and he was so full of perfect happiness that his entire face was crinkled into a smile. He made a beautiful picture. That sled was his only responsibility, and that, along with the snow, made for him a perfect heaven. No doubt the little fellow's heart is sometimes bruised, but children's bruises do not last as long as those received in later life.

I saw another child and it looked with wondering eyes and stretched its little hands out to me and cried. I knew it was asking for its rights in

this world—asking for a mother's love, yes—but it was the innocent victim of vice.

Yet another child I remember. This one was lying on a cot in the hospital, waiting away, sick unto death, and yet how patient it was, how beautiful the smile I received!

The Master said, "See that ye offend not one of these little ones." We can offend them by some action of ours such as pride, vanity, love of adornment, a sharp, unkind way of speaking, and by temper. Remember there is nothing that escapes the child; they notice our imperfections very quickly.

We often get the truth from children in strange ways. A little girl had to live with an aunt who suffered from being unkind and was not always kind to the child. One day the little girl was seen burying a piece of paper in the ground, and on examination of the paper by the aunt she read the following: "Dear Devil: Please come and take aunt for I can't stand her much longer." You see little children have their troubles and disappointments and are often surprised at what they see and hear.

An old sexton in a cemetery took special care of the little graves; and when asked why, he answered: "Sir, about those larger graves, I don't know who are the Lord's saints and who are not, but you know, it's different with the bairns."

A young mother who had lost her first-born sat fondling its icy hands, and amid her tears said, "If I ever get to Heaven, it will be these little fingers that will pull me there."

Everybody ought to love the children for they are very precious. Then let us gather them in and tell them of a Saviour's love, and let them learn the Master's ways.

There He stood among the crowd, Who was He, and who were they? Jesus, He the Son of God They were children at their play.

Jesus loves the children just as much today

As when on earth He stopped them in their play, Called them unto Him, and a blessing to each gave.

Just the same today, He wants each little one to save.

Sequel to Word Spoken in Season

IN the Misericordia Hospital, in Winnipeg, Sister Mrs. Giddings, the wife of one of the Citadel Bandmen, was recovering from an operation. One evening a young woman was brought into the same ward suffering from spinal meningitis. In the course of conversation between these two patients the question of religion came up, and on learning that Mrs. Giddings was a Salvationist, the young woman became particularly frank. It transpired she had been brought up a Salvationist, had attended the Citadel Corps, but had turned Roman Catholic when she married a French Canadian. All through the conversation there seemed to be a tinge of regret at having left The Army.

Later, when she was brought into the ward from the operating room,

and was recovering from the effects of the ether, she sang, in most beautiful voice, a couple of verses of:

"Saviour, lead me lest I stray, Gently lead me all the way."

According to a member of the Hospital staff the singing was heard all through the building, and there were few tearless eyes. After the singing, the ex-Salvationist asked, "Am I close to Mrs. Giddings, you know, the Salvationist lady, because if I'm going to die I want to be near to her." Then she went on and sang a verse and the chorus, "Hallelujah, what a Saviour."

We ask the prayers of all Salvationists on behalf of our sick sister, and trust that the incident will be a source of great blessing and inspiration to us all, and that the seed sown in that peculiar manner will bring forth fruit abundantly.—Cor. J. R. W.

CHRISTIANITY INVOLVES SELF-DENIAL



WOMEN SENTINELS

BEFORE the days of womanhood, militia, or territorials, the island of Alderney was guarded by a patrol of women, dressed in the ancient costume of Alderney, which consisted of a scarlet cloth jacket and petticoat, a stiff ruff of linen round the neck, and a small cap so highly starched that it was put on and taken off like a hat.

These women, while the men labored in the fields, watched at the beacons—which were circular stone mounds, on each of which was placed a tar barrel heaped over with furze and dried heath—ready to give alarm and demand help from the neighboring and larger islands, should the French show signs of hostility.

Night and day this woman-watch was kept, and never has fear or neglect been charged against the island sentinels.

Every woman is, or ought to be, a sentinel in her own house—the first to see the approach of the enemy, and the first to enlist Divine assistance for those under her care.

REFERENCE BOOK

Few people know it, but the best way to freshen carpets is to use the half of a large, firm cabbage. Scrub the carpet with it, and as the cabbage gets dirty, slice off the soiled portion. The juice has a wonderful effect in making it look clean and fresh. Tea stains may be removed from linen with glycerine. Rub the stained portions with a soft rag dipped in glycerine, and then wash in the ordinary way.

If there are cracks in the floor you want to stain, soak very soft tissue paper in hot thin starch until pulpy and fill up the cracks with this, and level it off with a knife. Then stain in the usual way. The cracks will be quite hidden.

A towel wrung out of hot water and applied to the back of the neck will relieve a nervous headache and induce sleep.

Old lace curtains make excellent window polishers. Cut in convenient size and tack around the edges to keep from fraying. They will serve the purpose as well as chamois leather.

NOVEL PATTERN RECEPTACLE

As to patterns and pieces—no better receptacle for patterns can be found than a twenty-five cent commercial letter file—a box that looks like a volume of an encyclopedia. If, instead of attempting the impossible task of refolding a used tissue pattern to its original size, you will give it a new sturdy envelope about six-and-a-half by ten inches, pasting the cover of the old pattern envelope on the front, and adding the date and the name of the person for whom the pattern was used, you will find that these envelopes will slip in, two to a page, between the lettered sheets of the file. You can systematise them to your heart's content.

HELPFUL OCCUPY

Germany Rejoices Over
of the Blood-and-Fire
in Her Midst

THE requirement of an in Germany is a sign of progress. Karlsruhe, Freiburg, Wick, Hamburg, and L. then centres of consi- anes, new Halls have be- ing the past few weeks. sult that throughout th- lie interest has been eregations are increa- A new Corps has been delbered, which, visit- Friedrich, the Chief S- day following the ope- the most encouraging Darmstadt also the F- planted.

Writing from the N- sion Major Gruner re- fact that the average converted was doubled and many new Soldie- Much activity is evid- where the total popul- thousand. The Songst- is now heard singin- pinment of seven- ments, is of much val-

One of the most ap- of our work in Germ- feeding carried on by man cities. Newspap- ighly of the effort, extent of which can be the fact that in Leip- given to 1,500 people

The Character

SWEETER than a or fern; nobler of intellect or the power, is the beauty of soul, lighter makes the plainest to look upon; it light eyes of sickness, s- brow of care, wreath of suffering into sn- age a glory which shadowing of the cr- one has said that choose whether she at twenty, but that if she is not beautif- is sixty. As life b- come what we silent outgrowth within.

PRINCE

Ensign and Mi- Prince Albert enjoyed Lieut-Colonel McLean, Smith and Ensign M- mented on Saturday which there was a T- of Painted signs and Comrades on the march. Sunday morning ap- Smith and Ensign M- Goul. At the close of no less than forty des- the pad to the Oper- Meeting, where the C- questions and burning of God brought about which resulted in five Mercy Seat.

In less than an hour the Colonel, sign were speeding or tentary. Here 200- new chapel, one of th- to listen to the Colo- the men, were visibly shown the effects of a to receive the Saviour. The night Meeting Theatre, Major Smith and gave a very help- money. The Songst- Ensign Mandy appe- in her life. The Co- "The Sea of Man" that which was lost- grater that they mig- Christian life.

On Monday noon forty of the Rotary in the Methodist Ch- entitled "The Under Army."

By invitation, the vandist at their T- splendid gathering men listened to his splendid work amon

HELPFUL OCCUPYING ARMY

Germany Rejoices Over the Progress of the Blood-and-Fire Forces in Her Midst.

THE requirement of new properties in Germany is an encouraging sign of progress. At Mannheim, Karlsruhe, Freiburg, Altona, Brunswick, Hamburg, and Lubeck, each of them centres of considerable importance, new Halls have been opened during the past few weeks with the result that throughout the Territory the public interest has been aroused. Conventions are increasing generally. A new Corps has been opened at Heidelberg which, visited by Colonel Friedrich, the Chief Secretary, on the day following the opening, displayed the most encouraging features. At Darmstadt also the Flag will soon be planted.

Writing from the North-West Division Major Gruener rejoices over the fact that the average number of people converted was doubled during January, and many new Soldiers were enrolled. Much activity is evident at Barmstadt, where the total population is only four thousand. The Songster Brigade which is now heard singing to the accompaniment of seven stringed instruments, is of much value.

One of the most appreciated phases of our work in Germany is the staff-feeding carried on by our four big German cities. Newspaper writers speak highly of the effort, some idea of the extent of which can be gathered from the fact that in Leipzig alone food is given to 1,500 people every week.

The Character Within

SWEETER than any grace of tint or form; nobler than the keen look of intellect or the massive breath of power, is the beauty with which holiness of soul lights up the face. It makes the plainest features pleasant to look upon; it lights up the sunken eyes of sickness, smooths the worn brow of care, wreaths the drawn lips of suffering into smiles, and gives to age a glory which is like a far-off shadowing of the crown of life. Someone has said that a woman cannot choose whether she shall be beautiful at twenty, but that it is her own fault if she is not beautiful by the time she is sixty. As life goes on our faces become what we make them; the silent outgrowth of the character within.

PRINCE ALBERT

Ensign and Mrs. Geo. Mundy

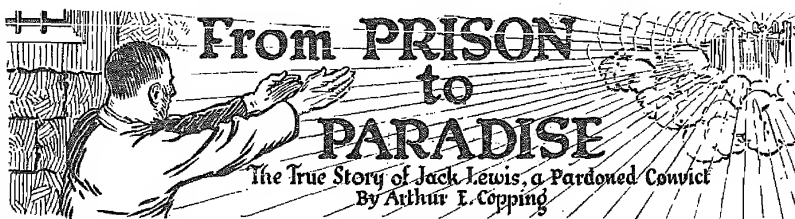
Prince Albert enjoyed a great weekend when Lieut-Colonel McLean, accompanied by Major Smith, visited us. The series of Meetings commenced on Saturday with an Open-Air at which there was a large turnout. A number of Painted signs and texts carried by the Convalescers on the march, helped create interest. Sunday morning saw the Colonel, Major Smith and Ensign Mundy at the Provincial Goal. At the close of the Meeting there were no less than forty decisions for Christ. From the goal to the Open-Air, then to the Holiness Meeting, where the Colonel by his searching questions and burning truths from the Word of God brought about a melting of hearts which resulted in five seekers kneeling at the Mercy Seat.

In less than an hour from the close of this Meeting the Colonel, the Major and the Ensign were proceeding on their way to the Penitential. Here 200 men had gathered in the new chapel, one of the finest in the Dominion, the men were visibly affected as they were shown the effects of sin, and at the invitation to kneel the Saviour, sixteen responded.

The night Meeting was held in the Strand Theatre. Major Smith piloted the proceedings, and gave a very helpful and convincing testimony. The Songster Brigade sang, and Mrs. Ensign Mundy spoke of the lendings of God in her life. The Colonel took for his text, "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." Six people requested prayer that they might be enabled to lead the Christian life.

On Monday noon the Colonel addressed forty of the Rotary Club. At night he gave in the Methodist Church his illustrated lecture entitled "The Underworld and The Salvation Army."

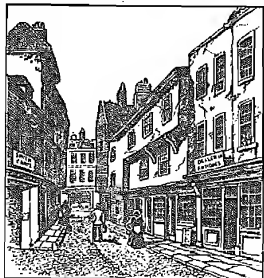
By invitation, the Colonel spoke to the Kiwanians at their Tuesday luncheon, where a splendid gathering of seventy-two business men listened to his outline of "The Army's splendid work among the unfortunate."



CHAPTER III

HAVING served his sentence, Jack came out of prison very much as he went in; the State having set him to pick oakum instead of showing him the way to a changed heart and a new life.

He now felt anything but comfortable in the family circle. For one



Leather Lane, one of the haunts of Jack Lewis (From an old print)

thing his brothers, boy-like, were given to calling him a thief—unpalatable truth. Meanwhile the Devil was busy with friendly beckonings and attractive promises. So Jack ran away from home—bent on filling his pockets, figuring once more as a hero, and being free.

Free! Alas, poor lad (for Jack was only seventeen), into what a cruel and awful bondage he was entering!

Within a few minutes' walk of respectable Clerkenwell were the thieves' rookeries adjoining Holborn Hill—the latter region being socially remote, and almost physically inaccessible, from the former. Jack found himself under a sort of professional obligation to live at Mother Griffith's—an evil lodging-house of Great Safron Hill.

It was a nest of young thieves, largely of the "Artful Dodger" class, who were skilled in picking pockets,

and especially in abstracting the large, valuable, and ornate silk handkerchiefs of those snuff-taking days.

Besides a few downright house-breakers, this hotel of crime sheltered specialists who had their own peculiar ways of plundering the public—typical of this class being the "portmanteau man," who, taking advantage of London's ill-lit streets, became expert in affixing himself behind four-wheeled cabs and capturing articles of luggage from the roof. Such then was the society, with its large admixture of reckless women and neglected children, in which gentle-nurtured Jack was constrained to live.

How his mother must have wept while mourning at night over the fate of her boy! And how the Devil must have grinned about it all!

Jack felt himself a cut above the pick-pockets. But he did not quite aspire to be a burglar. His proved to be a middle position, as suggested by his experiences as a chemist's boy. He became an "area-sneak," for which role he was specially fitted by a quick and resourceful mind and an engaging exterior.

"I'd got a square look," the old man told me, in recalling his repented past, "that came in handy when some one copped me inside a house, after I'd found the outer door unlatched and gone sneaking in. 'What are you doing here?' they'd ask. 'Here's my eard, madam!' I'd say, drawing myself up haughty-like. Then they wouldn't hardly know what to think; for the name was a well-known firm of coal merchants, and there was me soliciting most respectfully for an order and warning 'em as how the price of Derby brights might go up another shilling any day now."

"Talk about lies, 'umbug, and deceitfulness—why the way I came to get the cards will give you an idea!"

"I'd gone to that there firm and nipped 'em a tale—saying as how I did a bit of travelling and might be able to sell a few tons of coal now and again, if I could see my way to a small commission, and had a few of their cards to show my customers. A few! Why, almost before I'd got the

words out they took and gave me a 'undred, packed most careful in two cardboard boxes."

CHAPTER IV.

BURGLAR IN A DEATH-CHAMBER

"I only needed a card now and again, as mostly nobody saw me and likely enough I got away with something—perhaps a few spoons, or, if I was lucky, a gold watch or silver tea-pot, though mostly it was only elobber. I dunno that I mightn't have done all right in the coal business if only I'd been on the square, for I got a tidy few orders, though I never passed 'em on to the firm."

"Nothing would satisfy one old lady but I must go downstairs and see her coal cellar so I could tell her how many tons it would hold. Not quite five, I thought, so she only ordered four, and in the meantime I'd pinched a silver mustard-pot off the dresser."

"In one house—and I came to the conclusion it wasn't too respectful a house, either—anybody could see how hard up they were; for, after giving me a drink, the party said she'd like a ton, only would I oblige 'em by waiting for half the money till next month. 'No, mum,' says I, shaking my head most determined, 'my firm don't allow me to give no credit.' 'Owver, after I'd had another drink, and she had coaxed and coaxed, I agreed most reluctantly to let ten shillings stand over, only she wasn't to let the firm know, and the money 'ud be out of my own pocket if she broke her word."

"Wasn't that a shocking lot of lies and 'umbug for you, seeing I didn't mean to deliver no coal not to her nor nobody. But one thing—I didn't pinch anything at that house; for it was a rule with me all through my wicked life never to pinch nothing from poor people."

"Looking back, I often think how clever it was of the Devil to put that idea in my mind—as how I was only stealing from those that could afford it, me being a lot too kind-hearted to 'urt poor people. When a man tells himself 'ow good he is in one way, he's not so likely to see how bad he is in every other way; and if he don't see that, he can't repent, can he, which is just what the Devil don't want him to."

"And that reminds me how religious I always reckoned I was. Sometimes in the prison cell, if the fit came over me, I'd kneel by the bedside and say my prayers; and—would you believe it?—I used to think to myself what a pity everybody wasn't as good as what I was."

"Just to show you, one evening I got through the window into a house at Stoke Newington. Everything seemed very quiet, and I went tip-toeing about the parlor, when—My! If there wasn't a dead body in a coffin a-standing there on trestles in the middle of the room! My mind was made up at once, not to take nothing, for I wouldn't be so wicked as steal from a death-chamber. What's more, I went down on my knees and said a prayer—only a short one, mind you, for I didn't want to stop; and it wasn't many minutes before I slipped out of the window with nothing more on me than what I went in with."

"But here's the queer part: I made sure I'd be lucky on my next lay, because of behaving so religious when I see the dead man. But I wasn't lucky on my next lay. I got copped."

(To be continued.)

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OUR LEADERS
AT
WINNIPEG VIII
(See page 6)

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in Canada West and Alaska

WHAT
—HOLINESS
IS NOT
(See page 4)

NO 19. VOL. IV. (TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS) SATURDAY, MAY 12th, 1923 (WINNIPEG, MAN) PRICE FIVE CENTS

We are looking for you

We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address: ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 317-319 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Enquiry" on envelope.

One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars (\$3.00) extra.

3200—Bergot, Raymond O—Age 29, height 5'7", dark hair, blue eyes, may be in mine or lumber. Mother not well, desires to hear from him.



Raymond Bergot



Victor Erikson

3202—Erikson, Victor, also known as Vall-bom—Age 54, tall, dark hair, blue eyes, missing about 12 years. Last address was Mr. Victor Erikson, "Wallbon," 238 Westminster Ave., Vancouver, B.C. He was a railway man but his latest occupation was house agent.

3070—Green, Cecil Harry—Age about 60, height 5'6", dark hair, turning grey, fair complexion, an accountant by profession.

3202—Lauritzen, Lauris Nikolai—Has not written home since January, 1922, was then living in Calgary. Age 31, dark blond hair, grey blue eyes and is by profession a butcher.

3204 — Tikkanen, William — Married, last heard of in 1916. Was living somewhere in Canada.

3205—Edvardsdatter, Berthine, or Bertha Edwards—Age 25, medium height, slender, brown hair, dark blue eyes, missing for 10 years, last address was Winnipeg, Man.

3211—Snow, Mrs. Alfred Herbert, nee Amy Lillian Vicars—Age 31, dark hair, small build, snappy black eyes, about 4'11" in height, very neat in style, enquirer has not heard from her since 1916. Was married in Edmonton 13 years ago, but is thought to be separated from her husband.

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The Temple Dragon

A Story from China—The Self-Denial Fund makes it possible for The Army to carry on work of this description in Heathen Countries

"LAO Tzu," the Taoist God, looked with a vacant start through the clouds of incense smoke which hovered around the corners of the temple alcove where he had sat for years. The image was quite unconscious of the fact that in the kneeling crowd there was one—a boy—whose young heart was being influenced by his gaudy presence.

Whether this boy was given his name "Temple Dragon" because his parents were ambitious that he should become a power in the Temple, or merely because the two words together were of a high-sounding character, we cannot say. It is more than probable, however, that the word "Temple," being always with him, caused him, during the years of his youth, to find great fascination in all the mysteries which exist behind the red walls of those chambers of images.

He was born during the Boxer uprising. Unlike most boys, he did not care to play in the streets but preferred the shadows of the Temple gates.

He studied many things, and taught himself to draw, but his chief delight was in the study of the various heathen religions which abound in his native land. Taoism particularly appealed to him. He would tell you it is full of mystery, that he was always seeking for something new and found

Forever Triumphant

Does God want you to go to the Temple College?
If God calls you, and you go and never give up, you will be triumphant forever.

You will be tried and tested, but God will never let you down if you go on.
Going backward means defeat, death and Hell forever; but forward, eternal victory.

Your victory will also mean Heaven for thousands, for we cannot go to Heaven alone.

Your defeat may mean Hell for thousands.

You cannot afford to go back down to eternal darkness.

The responsibility rests with you. What will you do?

Look into the face of God and the dying souls around and answer. It is not too late as long as the door is open, and the way to find if it is closed is to go forward.

entertainment in such research. In this way he found that sun, moon, gold, wood, water, fire and earth, all were symbolical of one or other of the various beliefs of the Taoists. Up to the age of 18, while he was studying at a Military College, he was in the habit of visiting the Temple of Waves and Clouds and communing with the priests several times per week.

He held "Lao Tzu" in reverence, as also he did "Ling Kuan"—the controller of spirits—and hoped that by believing sincerely in them, that in the event of his crossing the bridge of heaven, and the subsequent experience of the transmigration of his soul, he would return to life something more dignified than a rat or reptile. Indeed, he believed that if his worship was but sincere enough, "Lao Tzu" would make him into a deity. So he became devout. He listened with reverence while the priests, clad in brilliant yellow silk and beating gongs and tom-toms, marched slowly round the altar amid the fragrance of incense smoke, accompanied by the drawn-out sing-song of their chants.

Taoism had got him! He loved the study of its mysteries. He would go right through with what he had begun, would gain everlasting life, become a god and be worshipped by posterity. Herein lay his ambition.

Pondering on such matters one warm summer evening, he visited the Peking Public Gardens, where he was attracted by a large crowd which seemed to be listening to an address, and he was delighted to see that the speaker was a renowned Chinese merchant of whom he had heard much. This gentleman was exhorting the crowd to accept Christianity, for he himself had become a Christian. The impression this made upon our hero caused him to study the Christian Bible. He found little in it that he could understand, and so gave it up as useless.

Another occasion found him entering the great "Respect Control Gate" in the west end of Peking, when he was arrested by the sight of The Army Flag. He knew a good deal about national flags, for he had learned about them in the Military School where he studied, but the "yellow, red and blue" puzzled him, so he went to investigate. The impression that was made upon him by the red-hot open-air meeting was such that his interest in The Army was awakened and he promised himself that he would go to the Hall on some future occasion. This promise might have been forgotten had not one of his fellow-students invited him to accompany him to the Army meeting. He went but remembers no feeling of condemnation, although he began to feel that he would like to study the mysteries of Christianity as he had done those of Taoism. On the occasion of his fourth visit to the Hall, this one sentence gripped him, "Only through Christ Jesus can one gain Salvation and Everlasting Life." He volunteered to the mercy-seat and found that for which he had groped in darkness all through his life.

Persecution from neighbors, friends and schoolmasters was the natural result of this step, and on occasion when his Bible was in evidence, it was reviled and attempts were made to destroy it. These efforts only made the new convert the more zealous, and he went unflinchingly forward until he became an Officer in The Salvation Army. His early efforts at art have done him good service, for they have frequently been used in the pictorial section of the Chinese "War Cry."

SONG OF THE WEEK

"We're bound for the land"—No 83
We're bound for the land of the pure
and the holy,

The home of the happy, the king-
dom of love;
Ye wanderers from God in the broad
road of folly,

Oh, say, will you go to the Eden
above?

Chorus:
Will you go? Oh, say, will you go
to the Eden above?

In that blessed land neither sighing
nor anguish,
Can breathe in the fields where the
glorified rove;

Ye heart-burdened ones, who in misery
languish,
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden
above?

Each saint has a mansion, prepared
and all furnished,
Ere from this small house he is
summoned to move;

Its gates and its towers with glory
are burnished,
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden
above?

March on, happy soldiers, the land is
before you,
And soon its ten thousand delights
you shall prove;

Yes, soon we'll be massed on the hills
of bright glory
And drink the pure joys of the Eden
above.

WE ARE LOOKING FOR YOU

3212—Stewart, George A—Age 54, height 5'10", weight 170, fair complexion, blue eyes, slightly bald, clean shaven. Broken nose, also nervous twitching of one eye and right side of face, caused by accident. Is a farmer by occupation, may be teaching or driving steam engine, most likely in B.C. Last seen on E. H. R. C. train, between Grande Prairie and Edmonton. Wife anxious.

3215—Wilson, Andrew—Age 35, height 5'6", black hair, dark blue eyes, dark complexion, miner by occupation. Last known address was Beaton, Alberta.

3218—Allen, David Washington—38 years of age, nicknamed Pete. Left home 17 years ago during mother's absence.

3220—Johnson, Eric Douglas—Age 24, height 5'7", dark brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Electrician by trade, but also works at farming. Missing for three years.

3225—Farnell, John—Age 66, height 5'6", blue eyes, brown hair, fresh complexion. Native of Anshan, Scotland. Farmer, married.

3226—Wallace, Frederick John, "Tera"—Age 49, height 5'8", light hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, born in St. Catherine, Ontario. Eyebrows turn up. He was a miner and was last heard from at Roseland, B.C.

3227—Rosen, Nils Elias Kristoffer Olsen or Nils O. Rosen—Age 56, single, blond curly hair, blue eyes, slender frame. Last heard from July, 1917. Last heard from was a navy and working on the railroad near Fort William.

3230—Wagner, George—Age 20, height 6'2", weight 170, farm and lumber work, black hair, black eyes, dark complexion, single. Not heard from for two years. Left home four years ago. Father would like to hear from him.

3231—Gray, Robert—Age 38, single, height 5'3 1/2", brown hair, grey eyes, fair complexion, born in South Shields, Durham, England. Missing since 1909. Last known address Fortuna, B.C. Brother critically ill.

3232—Golding, Robert George—Age 30, fair hair, grey eyes, fair complexion, native of Peckham, England. Left Toronto in 1919.

3233—Luffman, Albert—Age 61, dark complexion, medium height, last heard from 12 years ago, was on a fishing schooner on the Chinese River, B.C.

3234—Dawling, Henry Edward—Age 50, height 5'8", fair hair, blue grey eyes, was a fruitreer and greengrocer in England. Left his home in 1911 and has not been heard from since.

3235—Tieckel, Evan James J—Age 49, height 5'8", dark hair, grey eyes, fair complexion. Farmer by occupation. Missing since July 1922.

3236—McGrawley, John Peter—Was a farmer somewhere in Alberta.

3237—Jones, Edward Glyn—Came from England to Canada with Mrs. Davies and children, in June, 1910. His last address was c/o Mrs. Jackson, Metchurch, Minn. Mother very anxious to hear from him.



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